for long and began to feel a sort of chill
getting into my system, giving me a very
peculiar sensation in the feet and jarring on my
nerves. I must somehow prepare a pair of
slippers, I thought, and I stirred out of doors,
in search of some materials out of which I might
do so. As 1 was searching for something suited
to my purpose, I found that there lay a piece
of dry woody centre-stalk of the cocoanut leaf;
I chose at once to make a pair of wooden slippers
out of that. Accordingly I broke two small
pieces each the size of my feet, from out of the
lower and broader portions of that big long thing,
and made them into a pair, for my use. I tried
this most ingenious device of mine, for some
time and went about slip-shod like a lord
amongst my fellow inmates making myself the
laughing stock of all. Very soon, however, 1
came to realise that my present design was not
a success, and that my "slippers" could not be
worn with any very great amount of ease and
comfort. Thus thinking, I began to try my
skill in the craft that 1 had so long

practised,
and after a few trials managed to
give shape
to what might fairly be called a pair of
slippers.
As the days passed I managed to
prepare a very